

## THEY WHEEL OVER THE WATER.

Courier Wand and Miss St. Tel Bicycle Across to Governor's Island.

The War Message Narrowly Misses Being Wrecked in Mid-Channel.

A Bad Tide and a Choppy Sea Exhausted the Riders, but the Message Gets There.

Thousands Watched and Cheered the Bicycle Boats on Their Perilous Journey Down the Bay.

GENERAL RUGER GOT THE PACKET.

Colonel Shaffer's Letter About the Disposition of the Military Forces in San Francisco Formally Received by the Commandant at Headquarters.

The war message that was brought across the continent by the couriers in the Journal-Examiner Yellow-Pedals relay race was formally delivered to the military authorities yesterday.

It took Courier Wand five minutes less than an hour to make the distance between the Battery and Governor's Island, and he said paddling over the waves three miles was harder than doing a hundred on land.

Wand was paced by Miss Annie St. Tel, also on a water bicycle.

They started over, cheered by the crowd and with all the confidence in the world, but before the message was delivered both of them were almost exhausted. They got out to where the waves were big and the tide was strong, and only the best of pluck and the strength of the courier made the last relay a success.

It was at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon that the task was accomplished on dry land.

The water cycles seemed frail, spidery craft, as they bobbed about in the basin by the Battery stone bulkhead, while thousands looked at them with interest and awaited the hour for the embarkation of the last courier.

Cyclists were there in great numbers, both men and women, and they were unannounced in expressing a preference for the handlings of the passage of the Berrys and other obstacles of the Western stages of the great relay race to this.

**Prophecies of Failure.**

The danger of being run down was apparent to every one of the eagerly waiting crowd, and each one hoped that no accident might mar the triumphant ending of a feat that marks a new era in the world of wheels.

The tide set out through the East River at a pace the captains of river craft know well, and splitting on the northeast end of Governor's Island as if its power were broken and awed by Uncle Sam's display there of martial importance, it encircled the island.

Through this it was necessary that the cyclists should pedal to reach the Governor's Island landing, which is 100 yards east of the northeast end of the island.

By waiting until the exact time of the tide, a hard fight would have been avoided, but Miss St. Tel pluckily said that as 1 o'clock had been named, she would not delay the start for a mere matter of tide.

A stiff northeasterly wind brought white caps to the bay and added difficulty to the situation, but neither the woman nor the courier could be prevailed upon to wait.

Boatmen to whom the winds and tides are as an open book told them they could never make headway enough to reach the island pier.

"Well, we can try," said Miss St. Tel.

Mr. Wand was given a rousing cheer as he along the leathern pouch containing the dispatch over his shoulder.

The Battery sea wall as far as the eye could reach was a sea of faces. Every window of the Barge Office, and even the roof, was crowded with spectators, while employees on the Government pier stopped work to see and cheer the courier on his way.

Wand wore an ordinary cycling suit of brown Gleanery plaid, stockings and a soft felt hat. Had he known the fight he was to have with wind and tide he would have worn a light Jersey and a coat.

Miss St. Tel wore a black cycling dress of diagonal, a jaunty Tam O'Shanter cap that is now somewhere in the Bay, russet leather high necked shoes and a black and white striped shirt waist.

The marine cycles were gayly decorated with flags, that were, long before the journey was half over, either washed away or so bedraggled as to be livable either from the shot or from the accompanying flotilla of boats.

The steam launch Evelyn, with members of the Journal staff and artists on board, cast loose from the Government landing at 1 o'clock, and the rowboats that were to accompany the riders in case of accident were placed in readiness.

And cheers the courier and Miss St. Tel ascended to the float and prepared to mount.

**Bicycles at Sea.**

The cycle ridden by Miss St. Tel was of the distinctive water cycle type and weighed 150 pounds. Its catamaran was painted sea-green, and when its rider had taken her seat in the saddle she seemed in truth to be riding on the water, with no suggestion at all of a boat. The Wisconsin cycle was of the adjustable variety, upon which a yellow-rimmed bicycle had been mounted. As Courier Wand jumped into his seat he was cheered again and again.

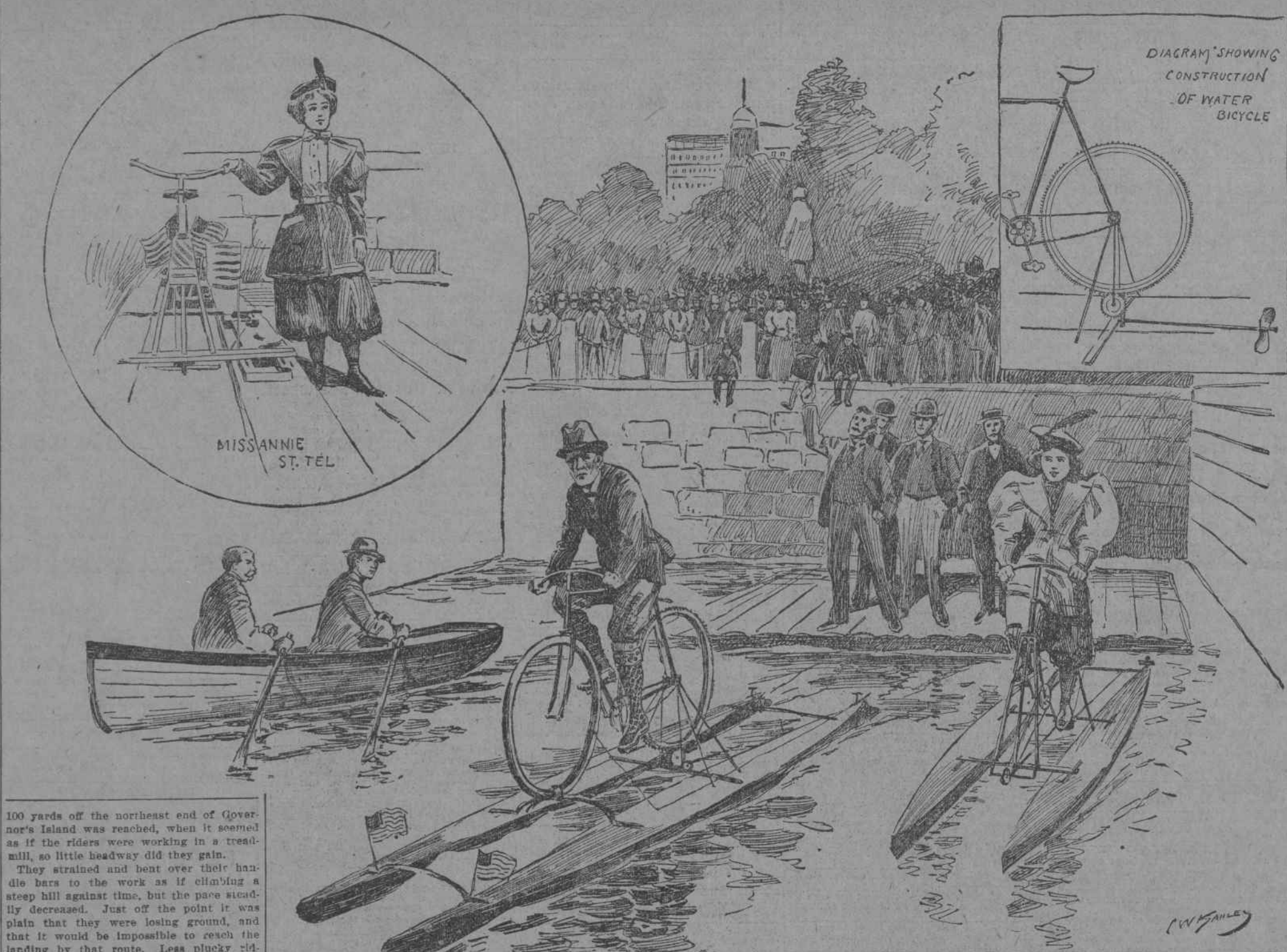
At 1:15 p. m. the whistle of the Evelyn announced the start, and while hats and handkerchiefs were waved frantically, the bearer of the war message pedaled rapidly out of the basin into the bay.

Miss St. Tel followed, twenty yards behind.

Ferryboats and business boats whistled shrilly and hoarsely their approval of the novel craft, and many of the smaller ones followed to cheer the courier on his way. The Evelyn went ahead to warn vessels from the course.

By the boatmen's advice the riders kept the head of the cycle well up the East River, the better to combat the combined wind and tide.

Good progress was made until a point



MISS ANNIE ST. TEL

100 yards off the northeast end of Governor's Island was reached, when it seemed as if the riders were working in a treadmill, so little headway did they gain.

They strained and bent over their handle bars to the work as if climbing a steep hill against time, but the pace steadily decreased. Just off the point it was plain that they were losing ground, and that it would be impossible to reach the landing by that route. Less plucky riders would have given it up and climbed aboard the attendant Evelyn or one of the rowboats. Miss St. Tel, who was apparently much fatigued, shouted to the courier:

"Let us turn and go around the island and approach from the other side."

Mr. Wand nodded his approval, and Miss St. Tel turned the cycle in the trough of the waves, rocked dangerously for a moment and then pedaled steadily around the point by Castle William.

**The End of the Great Trip.**

Hundreds of the official residents of Governor's Island walked along the sea wall. Officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, and their wives and children were in the throng.

Around the point the cyclists found good water, for they were with the tide, but the Brooklyn shore, Miss St. Tel landed without difficulty at 2 o'clock, and at precisely 2:10 p. m., fifty-five minutes after the start, the courier jumped upon the wharf. Though tottering from fatigue and exhaustion, he saluted the officer of the day, Lieutenant E. W. Fuger, who saluted in return and received from him the precious war message that had at last completed its trip.

Then the officer of the day made out a receipt, in accordance with army form, and handed it to the courier.

Lieutenant Fuger took the packet to headquarters, where, saluting Adjutant-General Corbin, he gave it to him, and, saluting, withdrew.

**Received by General Ruger.**

At 2:38 p. m. it was read by Major-General Ruger, to whom it was addressed by the Commandant of the Department of California less than a fortnight ago.

When he had read, Courier Wand said: "I could finish a century run at racing pace with less fatigue than I have this trip."

Following is the message General Ruger read:

Headquarters Department of California, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 25, 1896, 11:35 a. m.

The Commanding General, Department of the East, Governor's Island, New York Harbor, New York—General—I am instructed by the Major-General commanding the army to communicate with you by means of the Bicycle Relay Dispatch Line between this city and New York. Understand that such communication should have for its object to make you acquainted with the status of troops in this department.

With a view to co-operation with the forces of the Department of the East, should demand, I have the honor to inform you that the First Infantry is now in camp of maneuvers, practice and instruction at Santa Cruz, Cal., from which point, however, it can be withdrawn to this city at a few hours' notice.

The two light batteries of the Fifth Artillery are at the Presidio of San Francisco in readiness for service at a moment's notice, having recently completed their annual practice march and target practice.

The eight batteries of that regiment manning the heavy guns in the various fortifications for this city and harbor do not constitute a heavier force than is absolutely requisite for the purpose, and as you are aware, from the fact of your recent command of this department, should not be drawn upon for service elsewhere except for the gravest reasons. Very respectfully,

WILLIAM D. SEAFORTH,

Colonel First Infantry, Commanding.

Mr. J. Mortimer Johnson is the enthusiastic wheelman who has made eight trips from Baltimore to New York. Mr. Johnson arrived here yesterday, thus completing his eighth trip. Accompanying him on his tandem was Joe Hartman. They are specially anxious to ride in the great illumination parade Saturday night, and for

that purpose made this last trip. Mr. Johnson says one of the prizes is sure to come to him. While in the city Mr. Johnson will be the guest of Will S. Bertram, the vaudeville comedian.

## NOW FOR THE NIGHT PARADE.

A Great Pageant in Honor of the Transcontinental Relay Couriers.

Hints of Brilliant Features in the Most Beautiful Procession That Ever Started.

No affair ever organized in connection with cycling has aroused the enthusiasm that the Journal's bicycle night parade, to take place on the Boulevard next Saturday night, is doing, not only in this city and Brooklyn, but all through New Jersey and the State. It is only natural that this should be so, for it will be in every sense of the term a true bicycle festival.

Everybody in wheeling circles knows E. M. Frohisher, one of the first members of the League of American Wheelmen. He is now off on a wheeling tour, and in a letter to a friend in this city, written from Milford, Pa., he says: "Every one I have met on the road is talking about next Saturday's parade, and I am confident that it will be the biggest success and grandest procession of wheels that our city or any other, for that matter, has ever seen. I am heart and soul with the Journal in its immense undertaking, and wish it all the success imaginable. I shall be back in time to take part in it."

A gentleman who arrived here this morning from Newport said that not only was the parade talked about there, but that coming down on the boat last night any number of people were discussing all the good and interesting things that will be seen in it, and one lady was telling another, in strict confidence of course, of the hours of thought she had been giving the subject of a Queen of Night costume.

From even as far away as Waterbury, Conn., entries have been received. Costumers and decorators all over the city are being consulted, and one young lady is to be costumed as "Miss Electricity." That she will be a blaze of glory goes without saying.

It would require columns to print all the novel features in costuming that will be seen, and then very many would not wish their costumes known until they were seen, so the Journal preserves a discreet silence in regard to same, assuring its readers that many surprises are in store for them the night of the parade.

The display of illuminated tandems promises to be extraordinarily fine, and much ingenuity is being exercised to produce novel effects of illumination. Of course, this being a night affair illumination is the most important factor in the display.

Through the kindness of Mr. M. L. Bridgman, of the Metropolitan Cycling Academy, who offered his building to the Journal for parade headquarters, it has been decided to establish them there. The large floor space of the school will be used as a waiting room for the ladies who ride in the parade. Chairs will be provided for them, and everything will be done there to make the feminine cyclist happy and comfortable.

After the Long Branch parade the crack cycling organization of Brooklyn—the Brooklyn Bicycle Club—resolved to take no further part in bicycle parades. When, however, they understood the novelty of the Journal's big feat, and saw the handsome trophies that it was possible to cap-

ture, they resolved to make an exception to their resolution, and they will turn out in their usual formidable style.

The Hackensack Wheelmen, of Hackensack, N. J., will have fifty riders in line, with three buglers and two color bearers, all under Captain Leonard Kirby.

Another Brooklyn club that always attracts considerable notice and attention in parades by their fine riding and appearance is the Paramount Wheelmen. They will have one hundred riders in line, with two buglers and one color bearer, all under Captain Frederick Holt.

The Calumet Cyclers will have fifty riders in line. J. H. Spencer is captain.

As the parade is to be purely a cyclists' feat it should be understood that no political devices, portraits of candidates or other matters pertaining to the campaign will be allowed in the parade.

Very many details connected with the parade, its handling, formation, etc., etc., were arranged by the officials at the meeting at the Imperial Hotel last night, and the particulars of these will be published to-morrow.

To all the individual riders who have sent in entries the Journal wishes to say that owing to the immense number it has been impossible to respond to each singly. The Journal welcomes them all, and if they will read this week the place of formation for each division, all they need do is to ride to that place and report to the marshal or his aides.

There was a large meeting held last night at the Imperial Hotel of the manly, riders, couriers, and captains of clubs and others interested in the New York Journal's grand illuminated parade next Saturday night.

Among those present were M. M. Bailey, Jr., grand marshal; Captain J. W. Walters, marshal of the second division, composed of New York clubs; J. C. Hurley, marshal of the third division, composed of the Brooklyn and Long Island clubs; Dr. L. C. Leroy, marshal of the fourth division, composed of the New Jersey and other visiting clubs; W. J. McCormick, marshal of the fifth division, composed of unattached riders; A. de Julio, marshal of the sixth division, composed of riders in fancy and grotesque costume; John B. Yates, marshal of the seventh division, composed of decorated wheels; George E. Scheffler, chief of couriers, and several other couriers.

The formation of the parade was decided as follows:

The first and second divisions, composed of New York clubs and military riders, will form on Fifty-sixth street, east of Eighth avenue. The third division, composed of Brooklyn clubs, will form on Fifty-sixth street. The fourth division will also form on Fifty-sixth street. In the rear of the third division, the fifth division, composed of unattached riders and individuals, will form on Fifty-sixth street, east of Eighth avenue, and the seventh division in Fifty-eighth street, east of Eighth avenue. In the rear of the sixth division.

It was decided that no wheel except those belonging to clubs should be allowed in the parade unless decorated with at least two lanterns. A large number of riders called at the hotel during the meeting to ask for particulars of the parade, and all those present reported that the interest in this parade far exceeded anything that had ever been manifested before in any affair connected with cycling.

**HIS PRISONER A SNAKE.**  
Policeman O'Neil Experienced Much Trouble in Finding a Cell for His Wringling Captive.

In the Bowery, Monday night, Policeman Cornelius Jeremiah O'Neil heard a shriek. It was, as Cornelius Jeremiah O'Neil will swear,

Whose sound, though he should linger out more years

Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears.

The shriek came from the conductor of a cable car, and even as the policeman turned his head, while the chills were still trembling down his spine, he beheld a dark object flying from the car. It landed at his feet. It was a cloth bag. Out of its opening rose the gliding head of a snake, and in another moment it had slipped from his grasp upon the sidewalk.

It was six feet long and hungry. O'Neil kicked the reptile inside of the bag, placed it under arrest and took the captive to Sergeant Schler, in the Fifth Street Police Station. Schler refused to receive the prisoner and ordered O'Neil to take it to Central Park. He got on an elevated train at Ninth street with his burden, and was ordered to leave the car. He did so.

With the aid of a cable car he reached the Arsenal in the Park, but Sergeant Morgan, who was on duty there, also refused to accept the responsibility. Then O'Neil proceeded to Police Headquarters, but meeting with no better success there, he returned to the Fifth Street Station. About that time

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**HIS KISSES IN CIPHER.**  
Miss Namm Thinks Witmark Owes Her About \$10,000 for Them at the Regular Market Price.

Hebrew society circles are considerably stirred up over the breach of promise suit for \$10,000 which was brought on Saturday by Miss Mary Namm, of No. 303 East Seventy-ninth street, against Isaac Witmark, of No. 370 West Twenty-ninth street. He was arrested on an order granted by Justice Smyth. Witmark was taken to Ludlow Street Jail, and bail in \$250 was furnished by his brother-in-law, Gustav Mlinz.

Witmark and Miss Namm met about July 4 at Rockaway Beach, and it was a case of love at first sight. Her brother-in-law, Henry Klingner, says Witmark paid her devoted attention, and on July 29, at a little gathering of mutual friends, their engagement was announced. The marriage was set for some day the latter part of August. Meanwhile much endearing correspondence passed, and, Klingner says, when the letters, of which the fair plaintiff has a large collection, are read in court they will cause a sensation.

Joseph Martin, of No. 132 Nassau street, is attorney for Miss Namm. He says that the letters in his possession written by Witmark to his client are full of tenderness, talking about dearest, fond love and including 1,000,000 kisses, expressed by dots and dashes resembling the Morse code.

Conveys his warm desire to clasp the plaintiff in his arms, and in other words gives proof that he was head over heels in love.

The attorneys of Witmark doubt the existence of the letters.

**SOUBRETTE ROW CLEANED OUT.**  
Captain Schmittberger Swoops Down on the Tenants and Lands Thirty-five in Prison.

Captain Schmittberger, assisted by a detachment of patrolmen, raided the row of houses on West Thirty-ninth street, known as "Soubrette Row," at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. The raid netted thirty-five prisoners, fifteen of whom were charged with keeping disorderly houses. The tenants of the buildings who were not taken in the police drag net, immediately began to move out of their apartments.

The news of the raid spread like fire, and a crowd of nearly 2,000 persons gathered in front of the houses to watch the moving.

The houses are owned by Charles A. Moffatt. He was one of the persons arrested in connection with the raid. He is now under two indictments on the charge of renting property for disorderly purposes. He was held in \$500 bail for trial. Those who were charged with keeping disorderly places were held in a like amount. The other prisoners were discharged.

**First of the Football Accidents.**  
Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 8.—Captain Cochran, of the Princeton football team, which is preparing here for its championship games, met with a severe accident this morning during the practice. While trying to make his way into the line of one of the players and was knocked down, he was found later that he had fractured two ribs and he will not be able to play again for several weeks.

**"Kid" McCoy an Inventor.**  
Ex-Bank Robber Makes a Device to Thwart the Efforts of His Former Pals to Open Doors.

"Kid" McCoy, the reformed bank burglar and all around crook, who for many years, with "Spik" Hennessy, another ex-safe cracker, travelled with the "Stowaway" company, blowing up a safe every night, turned up at Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon. McCoy called to see Captain O'Brien, but the latter was out and McCoy left much disappointed.

He is now living under the name of Judas J. Martin in Frankfort street. He said he was told that Captain O'Brien had suspected him of being connected with some robbery, and he had called on Headquarters to assume the chief of the Detective Bureau he was leading an honest life.

McCoy, or Martin, as he now calls himself, is having a hard struggle for existence. When he was in the pen he used to pieces he found himself out of a place, and wherever he went his reputation seemed to have preceded him. When his last penny was gone he was driven to despair and invented a device which, when attached to a key in a door, cannot be turned from the outside, but the latter to dispose of his idea, but he could find no purchasers. He then set about to manufacture the article.

McCoy is married and has two children. His wife and children do not know of his former career. Neither do his neighbors.

**STUTZKE AND THE BALLOON.**  
Not the Real Preacher, of Course, but an Effigy, Was Destroyed.

The mystery of the Hell Gate balloon disaster has been solved. The aeronaut who was supposed to be pieces on the rocks near that place Monday night was Professor Stutzke, leader of the Christian Apostolic Congregation, who were scheduled to make their ascent from earth to heaven several days ago.

Of course, it wasn't Professor Stutzke as his friends knew him, but a paper mache image of the recently deceased Stutzke, leader of the Christian Apostolic Congregation, who were scheduled to make their ascent from earth to heaven several days ago.

It was taken with a harsh, dry cough. I grew steadily worse. My neighbors thought I was going into consumption. I tried Dr. J. C. Expectorant and was cured.—(Mrs.) W. A. Grove, Storrs, Conn., N. Y., Oct. 1, 1895.

If bilious, take Ayer's Pilexes Sensitive Pills. —Advt.

## LABOR DELEGATES DISCUSS SOCIALISM.

Members of the Edinburgh Congress Inclined to Work Alone.

Government Criticised for Ignoring the Interests of Workmen.

PAY FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

Proposition to Give Lawmakers Salaries May Be an Issue in the Next Election—A Step Toward a Labor Party.

Edinburgh, Sept. 8.—The second day's sitting of the Trades Union Congress opened this morning with a full attendance of delegates. Mr. Mallinson, the new chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, delivered his inaugural address, in which he said that the change in the manner in which the communities now dealt with labor questions was largely due to the Socialists, who had aroused the national conscience by exposing the misery and degradation arising from the defects in the industrial system and awakening the sense of the working classes to the existing arrangements, which gave them the most labor and the least wealth.

Though the Socialists had paved the way for remedial legislation, he said, their remedies would not, in his opinion, bring about the desired results.

Mr. Mallinson then advocated the policy on the part of trades unionists of keeping outside the lines of the present political parties in the fight for living wages.

**Salaries for M. P's.**

The greatest step toward a genuine political labor party, he declared, would be the payment of salaries to Members of Parliament, and this ought to be made a test question in the next Parliamentary elections.

The Congress discussed the report of the Parliamentary Committee, submitted yesterday, which censured the government for neglecting to pass any measures in the interests of labor and for preventing private Members of Parliament from proposing such measures. The report also expressed doubt as to whether hereafter it would be prudent for the Trades Union Congress to associate itself with any resolutions like the International Socialist Congress.

**Opposed to Socialism.**

Benjamin Pickard, member of Parliament for the Normanton Division of Yorkshire, West Riding, held that trades unions ought to keep themselves aloof from the International Socialist Congress. Such gatherings, he said, were farcical and only brought labor into discredit.

A resolution was adopted declaring that the rights of labor in all trades and occupations should be limited to eight a day.

Another resolution was adopted asking the Government to amend the Employers' Liability law, providing that the responsibility may rest upon the employer for the acts of his employees or of those of any subcontractor.

The congress passed a resolution expelling from the sittings the reporters of all newspapers employing non-union correspondents. The passage of this resolution excludes from the congress the reporters of every newspaper in Edinburgh.

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**TRAMP WITH A SOUNDING NAME**  
Arrested in Chicago, He Says He's a Son o

"Sir Fitzroy Berkeley." Chicago, Sept. 8.—Richard Arnold Fitzroy Berkeley is the name given by a tramp who was yesterday sent to the Bridewell, though sentenced under the name of William Brown.